



Sir Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill — soldier, journalist, statesman — has been many things to many men. But in the erupting world of his lifetime he made a mark that none will overlook. His path, crossing and recrossing history's road through the jungles that threaten civilization, will not soon be overgrown. The Churchill story begins today.



Nov. 30, 1874, saw the birth of Churchill into the pomp and circumstance that surrounded the descendants of the Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim Castle. His father was Lord Randolph, third son of the seventh duke; his mother was Jennie Jerome, an American heiress.



The collars at Blenheim were named Asquith, Chamberlain, Balfour—men whose hands would shape the British Empire. It was here that young Winston came to his first speaking terms with the world.



But at Ascot and then Harrow, he found the world of arithmetic and Latin confusing. Years later he could look back and say: "I am all for the public schools, but I do not want to go there again."



With more difficulty than most, subaltern Churchill finally received his commission from Sandhurst, England's West Point. His parting words assured his young friends that within 20 years we "will control the destinies of the British Empire."

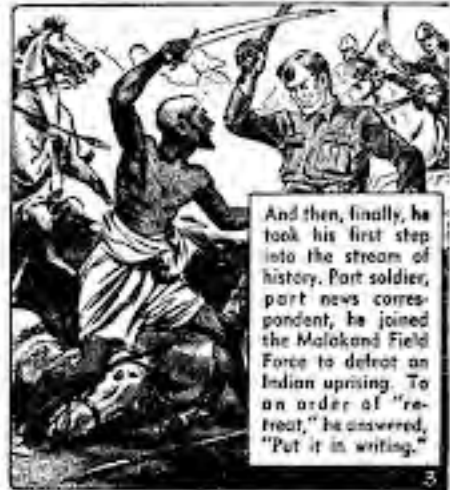


His first assignment was Indian duty. He won regiment renown with his polo ability and improved his already-broadening rhetoric with reading he should have done in school.



DOUGHT'NT YOU TO GET OFF WINNIE NOW?

NOT AT ALL. HE'D ONLY BEGIN TO ORATE AGAIN. AND THERE'D BE NO STOPPING HIM.



And then, finally, he took his first step into the stream of history. Part soldier, part news correspondent, he joined the Malakand Field Force to defeat an Indian uprising. To an order of "retreat," he answered, "Put it in writing."

